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Irradiations

Above it the streaming wastes of the sky,
Pinnacles of clouds, pyres of dawn,
Infinite effort, everlasting day.
The immense flag waving
Aloft in glory:
Over seas and hilltops
Transmitting its lightnings.

John Gould Fletcher

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

Strangely silent, strangely bare,
Tiny faces everywhere,
Strangely old and gaunt and drawn
In the dawn.

Haunting, piteous baby eyes!
Suffering mute, vicarious lies:
Sacrifice for world-old sin,
Deep therein.

"Man of pleasure," you who lay
In your mother's arms one day,
These upon their mother's breast
May not rest.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

These your passions touched to blight,
Seed of sated appetite,
Starve upon a pauper's dole—
Body, soul.

That your pleasures play at ease
Babes must battle with disease:
Heavy toll of your light way
They must pay!

With the damp of anguished sweat
See these matted tresses wet!
And these unkissed, shrivelled hands
Bear the brands.

Christ, have pity! You were man
When your martyrdom began:
For men's sins must the new-born
Feel the thorn?

Rosalie Jonas